
Title: Binding and Spells

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It was time. For the last few weeks the weak forces of the Light had been searching and searching for me in some feeble attempt to break my control over the city of Skara Brae. So far they had managed to hunt down some of the weaker members of the Society, but their goal so far had ended with failure. And the events of this night would further make certain that failure would continue for them.

Because I would not tolerate anything that would put my ultimate designs at risk.

Lynne Darkthorne stood within the center of the large warehouse in the northern district of Skara Brae. Large black crystals were to her front, left, right, and back. Several members of the Society stood about the entire room as they waited as to why I had gathered them here. Erland Silverrose, Durial Lycan, Ole Jelly, Sigurd Rotharia, and Anais de Quoi had all heeded my summons and now surrounded The Lady.

And so now I would split that which is bonded...

I gave a quick little speech before engaging in the actual ritual. I told

them that they were
here to bear witness to
the splitting of the
powers that held Skara
Brae to my phylactery.
For it was there that
the small box that held
my essence and being
also held my control over
this city. The weakness is
that should the phylactery
ever be destroyed then
so would the grip of
Darkness that held Skara
Brae. So I would be
splitting this power to
make certain that the
Darkness would reign
forever. For half would
be bonded to the
phylactery and the other
would be held within the
soul of Lynne Darkthorne.
And then that would give
the idiots of Virtues
even more problems. For
one is much easier to
gain than two.

I then removed and held
my phylactery to the sky.
A sudden silence swept
the room with this
action and all eyes were
upon me. I let loose many
ancient and forgotten
words as I made a
request to the powers of
Death and Darkness. I
then slowly began to take
float and released a small
and sudden surge of
magic into my phylactery.
The small little box then
quickly shifted into a long
obsidian staff. I held the
staff and pointed in the
direction of Lynne
Darkthorne. I looked into
her eyes as she looked
into mine. And then a
wave of dark energy
came forth from the
staff and into The Lady.
Her body shook and her
facial expression was that
of pain. And then a smile
came across her face

which was followed by a
dark laughter.

And so it was done.

In Eternal Darkness,

Rune Artisem
Lord of the Society
Overlord of Skara Brae
Trammel
Minister of Race
Relations to Caina
The Society of Arcane
Shadows